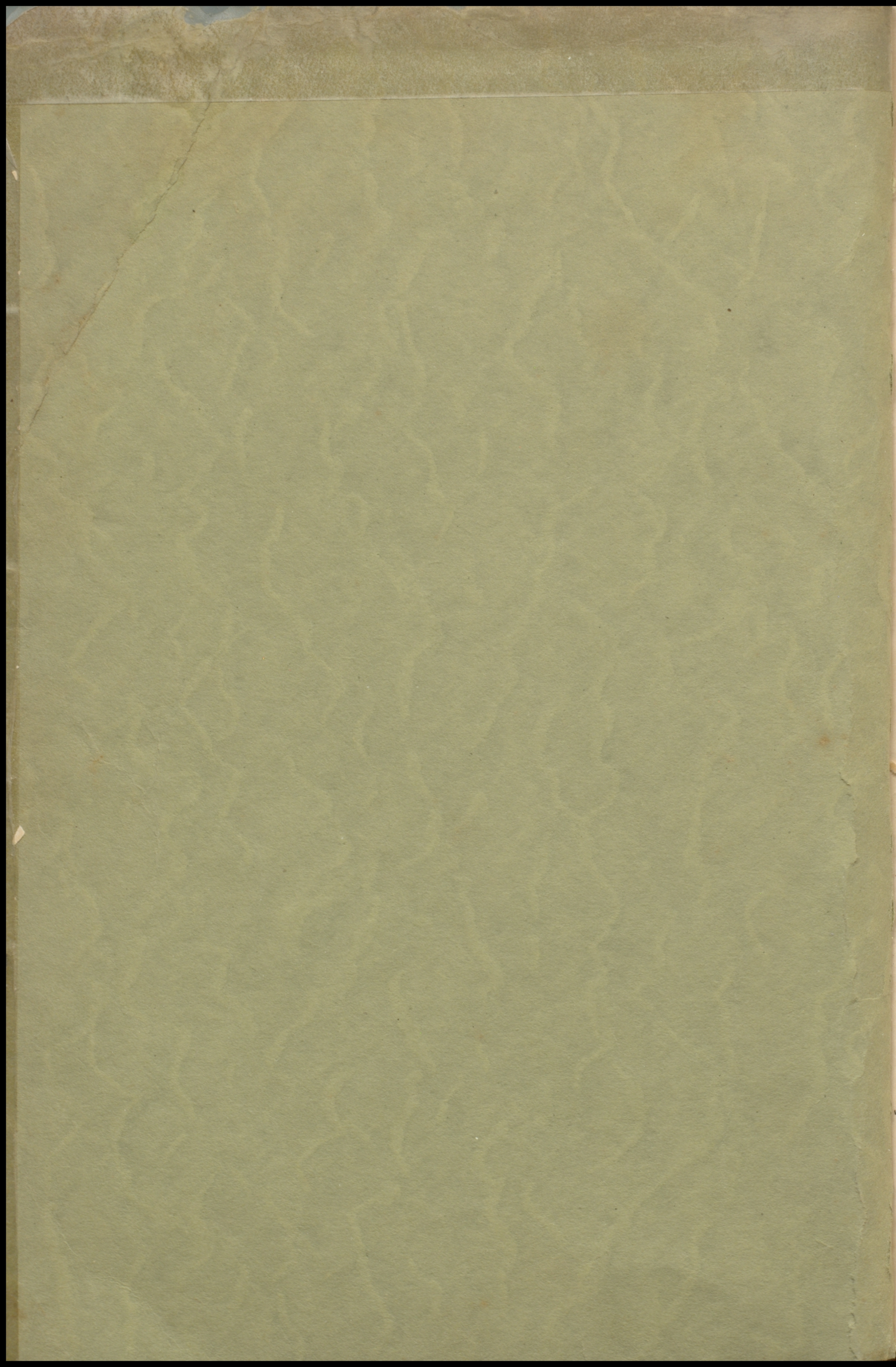


The Annual





THE ANNUAL
PUBLISHED BY
THE TOPIC STAFF
OF THE
JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., HIGH SCHOOL

STAR PRINT, JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.



This Volume is, with the greatest respect,
dedicated to the faculty and students of the
Jeffersonville High School.





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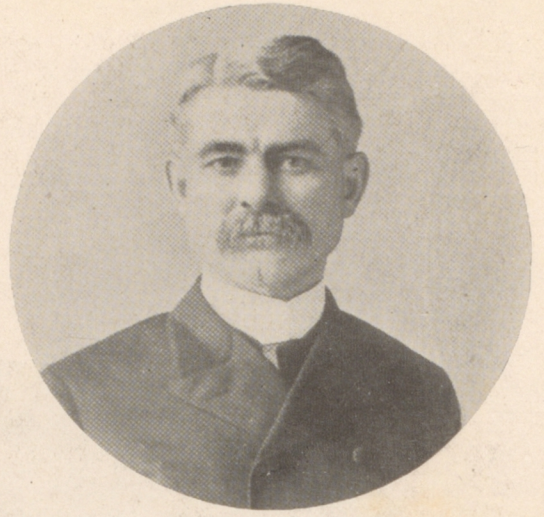
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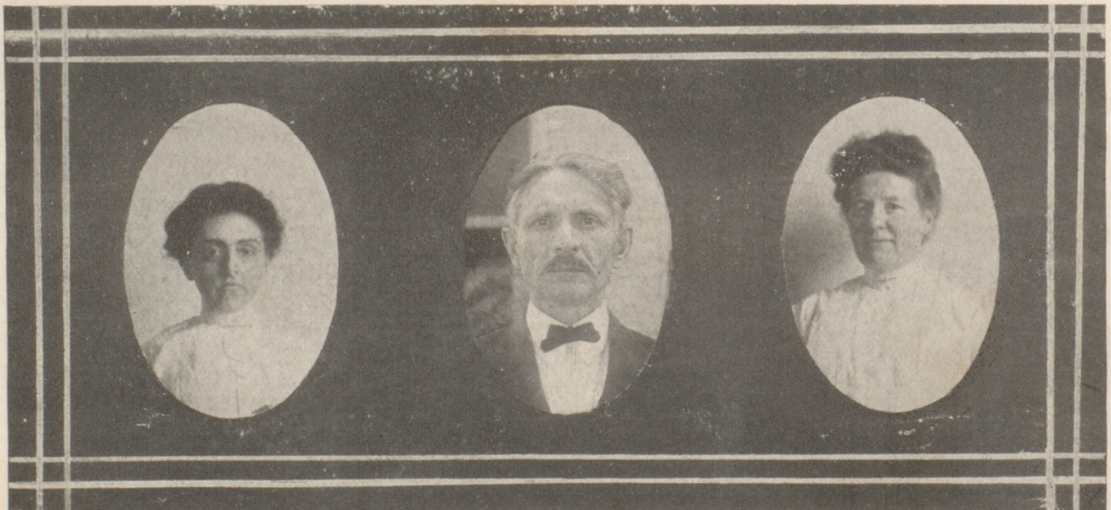


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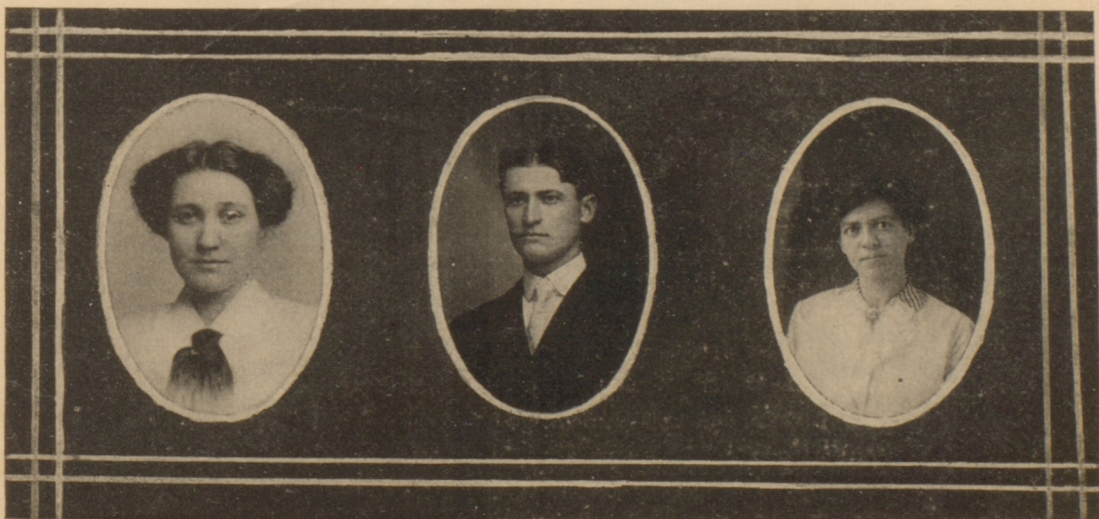




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Miss Clara Funk	- - - - -	English.

Miss Carolyn Smith, History	Mr. A. A. Voit, Music.
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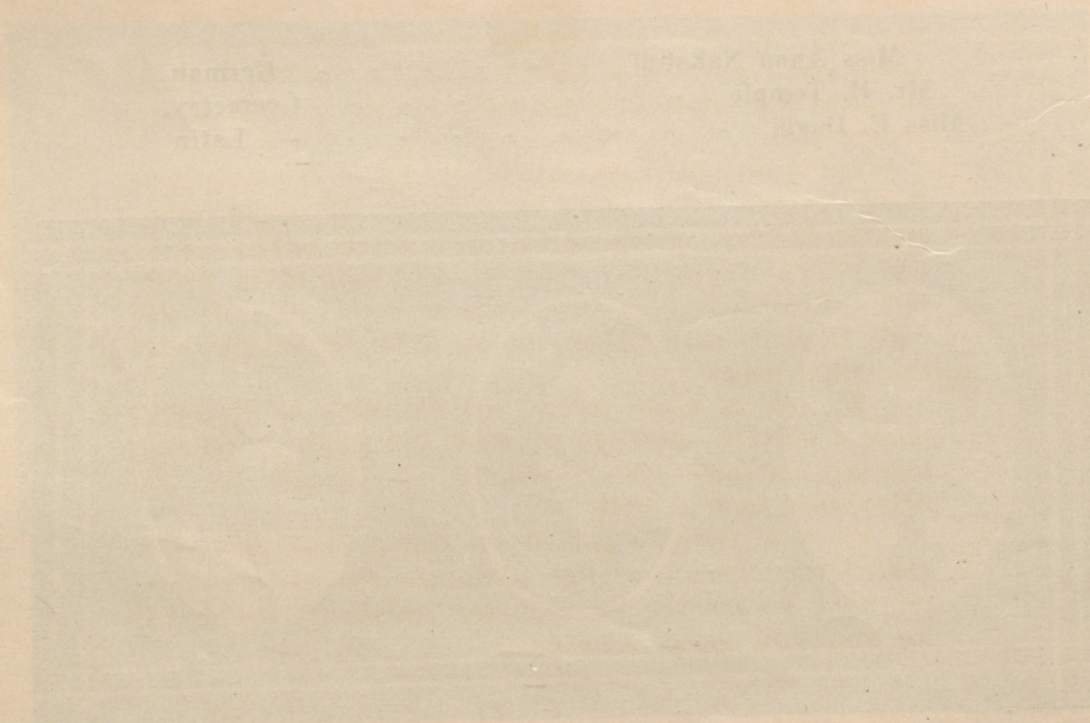
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Mr. H. Temple	- - - - -	Geometry.
Miss E. Davis	- - - - -	Latin





Miss Ada Frost
Mr. W. Jones
Miss Clara Frost
Latin
Drawing
English

Miss Louisa Smith History
Mr. A. J. Van Winkle



History of Class '13

Four long years ago we entered J. H. S., My!, what a frightened lot of youngsters we were! The boys were in their knicker-bockers and the girls in their little long waisted dresses and curls. For weeks before the opening day, I trembled whenever I thought of the coming ordeal, for I had heard some AWFUL tales of how the Freshmen were treated. When the terrible day came I, piloted by a Sophomore, was taken to a seat on the Freshman side. My heart pounded and I sighed with relief when I sank down out of view. Others, also, were frightened, for many times, upon hearing some laughing, I ventured to look up and lo! I beheld some timid Freshman stumbling along to his seat.

We were a large class. We traveled the first half of our Freshmen year without much trouble, other than getting lost in the halls or bolting into a Senior class now and then, until we came to February. Here a few among us stopped to make our old friends, Algebra, German Latin, English or Botany, a visit, and stayed with them until June.

The rest of us, however, after successfully changing cars, continued our journey. We found a good many difficulties arising and were often compelled to stumble along in the dark until some member of the life-saving-crew (the Faculty) rescued us, and sent us rejoicing on our way. By June we had lost several more of our comrades and, sorrowing at their misfortune, we left J. H. S., to spend the summer in preparing for the journey of our second year.

When September came we assembled at the station on Pearl Street, and away we started. Our number was smaller but we, as individuals, were much larger, for we had grown wonderfully since we had quit being Freshmen. Knicker-bockers had given way to real suits, and curls to plaits with ribbons on the ends; the dresses were somewhat longer, too.

We felt so much larger, too, for when a Freshman made a mistake, although we could not laugh as the Seniors did, we could smile knowingly, as though we had never done such a thing.

We went the first half of our second year; some conquered the difficulties; the difficulties conquered others; for when we reached the mid-year station we found that we were still losing companions.

We then decided to try a new route, so we changed from Pearl Street to Court Avenue, where we found things much better.

The new building had every possible convenience and we found ourselves in such a pleasant place, with promises of better things coming, that the majority of us decided to go on, although a few lingered on the way to follow later.

Soon we became Juniors. My but we were proud! That was the year in which Style introduced the "Merry Widow" hat, and it was a mighty good thing for some of us that the hats were large.

We were very important people, so we begun to have class meetings and we acted as nearly like Seniors as possible, so that we might acquire the proper dignity in time to act natural when the great event came.

By February of our Junior year, we felt as if we were about the greatest thing that ever happened, consequently we decided to show others our greatness, and we began immediately to prepare for the Junior-Senior party which was held during commencement week.

We had a fine time but we were lowered considerably in our own estimation when we saw the Seniors could be greater than Juniors, if they wanted to be, but we didn't mind so very much, as we were soon to be Seniors ourselves and we were ready to go a step higher.

Well, the great day came at last, the day on which we became Seniors. There is nothing like being a Senior; one would have to be a Senior to appreciate the full meaning of the word. And how one changes! The girls, who last year wore their hair hanging down their backs, now fix it up with **hair-pins**, and the boys—well you **can** not tell by their hair in which class they belong but you can tell by their heads, for they are stuck up into the air, like a weather vane on a sky-scraper, and do you blame them?

We look back over the years;—we see the Freshman, tear-stained eyes and baby mouth trembling over some hard task and we say, "Horrors! Was I ever as young and green as that?" We look at the Sophomore, giggling at mere trifles and we say, "Can it be that I was ever that giddy?" Then with a smile of amusement we watch the proud Junior as he marches through the halls and we say, "Heaven forbid!" Was that haughty expression ever on **my** face?" Then we wonder what they think of us and if they look up to us as we looked up to those before us in the years gone by.

MONETTA M. SAME.—'13.

"THE FRESHMEN"

Who always wears the cap of green?
The Freshmen—The Freshmen—
Who does not dare be heard or seen?
The Freshmen—The Freshmen—
Who always steps out on the grass,
When upper-classmen wish to pass,
And thinks he has a lot of brass?
The Freshmen—The Freshmen—

THE SOPHOMORES.

Who are always "Johnny on the spot"
The Sophomores—The Sophomores,
Who always start off in a trot
The Sophomores—The Sophomores—
Who always give teachers the frown—
And always say, "We'll win the crown"
Or else "we'll fall upon the ground"
The Sophomores—The Sophomores—

"THE JUNIORS"

Who are the loyal pupils—
The Juniors—The Juniors—
Who does not accord with teacher's wills?
The Juniors—The Juniors—
Who does not dare throw paper "wads,"
For fear the teacher would throw "clods,"
And to the office with the "nods?"
The Juniors—The Juniors—
HOLLIS MELOY.

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	{ GRAHAM DUGAN
	{ HOMER COVERT
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	{ PAUL SELLERS
ARTIST	MAURICE SELLERS



BEULAH YESTER.

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed.
"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

CLARENCE LaMASTER.

"He performed the duties of friendship
faithfully and manfully."

PERMELIA BUSSEY.

"Her hair was like the threads of gold."

SUSIE LAURIE.

"The girl with red hair, blue eyes and
white skin; may her colors never fade."

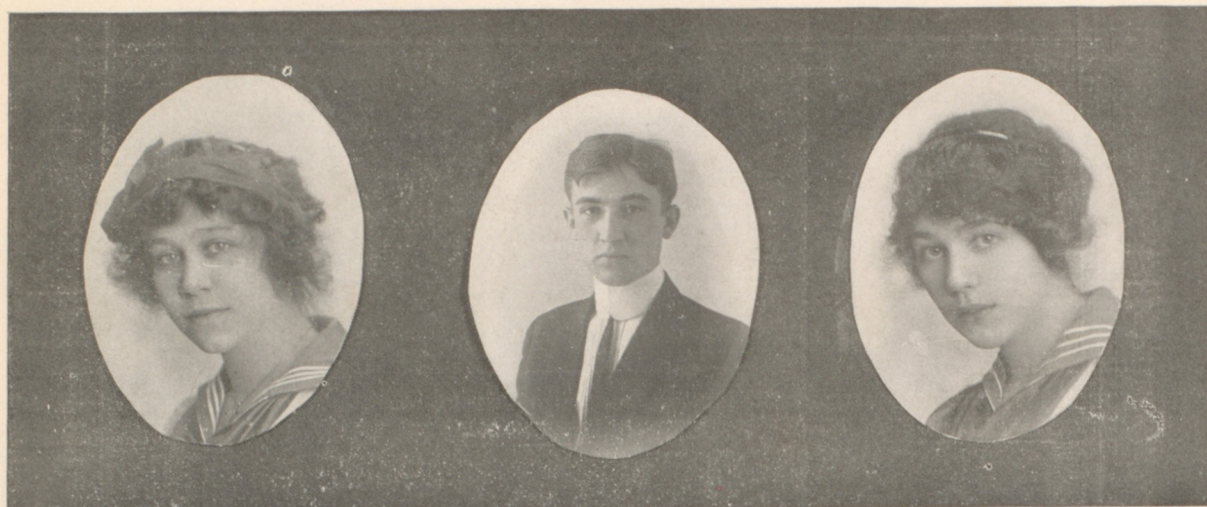
CHARLES SMITH.

"How weak are works to carry thoughts
like mine."

HELEN HENSEL.

"What lives are so happy as those of the
fair."





FREDA ELLIOTT.

"And blushing modesty confessed
The fullness of her bliss."

DOUGLAS CAIN.

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

"She has many nameless virtues."

MARGARET POINDEXTER.

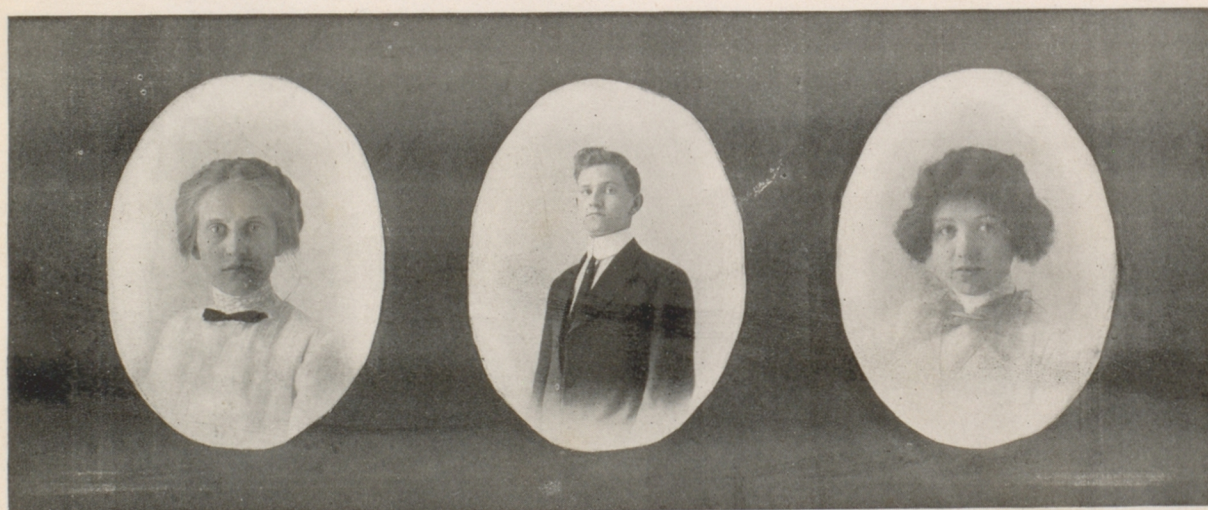
"A young girl seventeen summers old
With deep blue eyes and hair of gold."

GRAHAM FRANK.

"She rules him well."

ANNA SWARTZ.

"Her blooming cheeks are dyed with color
all their own."





MYRTLE CLARK.

"She was fair—and fairer than the word."

GRAHAM DUGAN.

"It is better to be seventy years young
Than forty years old."—(young)

MONETTA SAME.

"Greater things Beyond "

MARY ROSE.

"Her sympathies went out to lonely lives,
And breathed that hope which every grief
survives."

HOMER COVERT.

"There's nothing so becomes a man as
modest stillness and humility."

JANIBELLE SPARKS.

"I am resolved to grow fat and stay
young until forty."





MARIE APPEGATE.

"Her deep blue eyes smile constantly."

MITCHELL HOWES

"His heart that durst not disobey
Yet could not cease to love "

RAMONA BAXTER.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

FRANCIS CHAPPELL.

"My tender youth was never yet attaind
With any passion of inflaming love."

EDITH LEACH.

"A kind and gentle heart she had
To comfort friends and foes."

FRANK PEEL.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."





GRAY MORRISON.

"If solitude makes scant the means of life,
Society for mine."

MARGARET GRANINGER.

"Tell me,
Hast thou seen a fresher gentlewoman
Such a war of white of red and white in
her cheeks."

ROBERT MILLER.

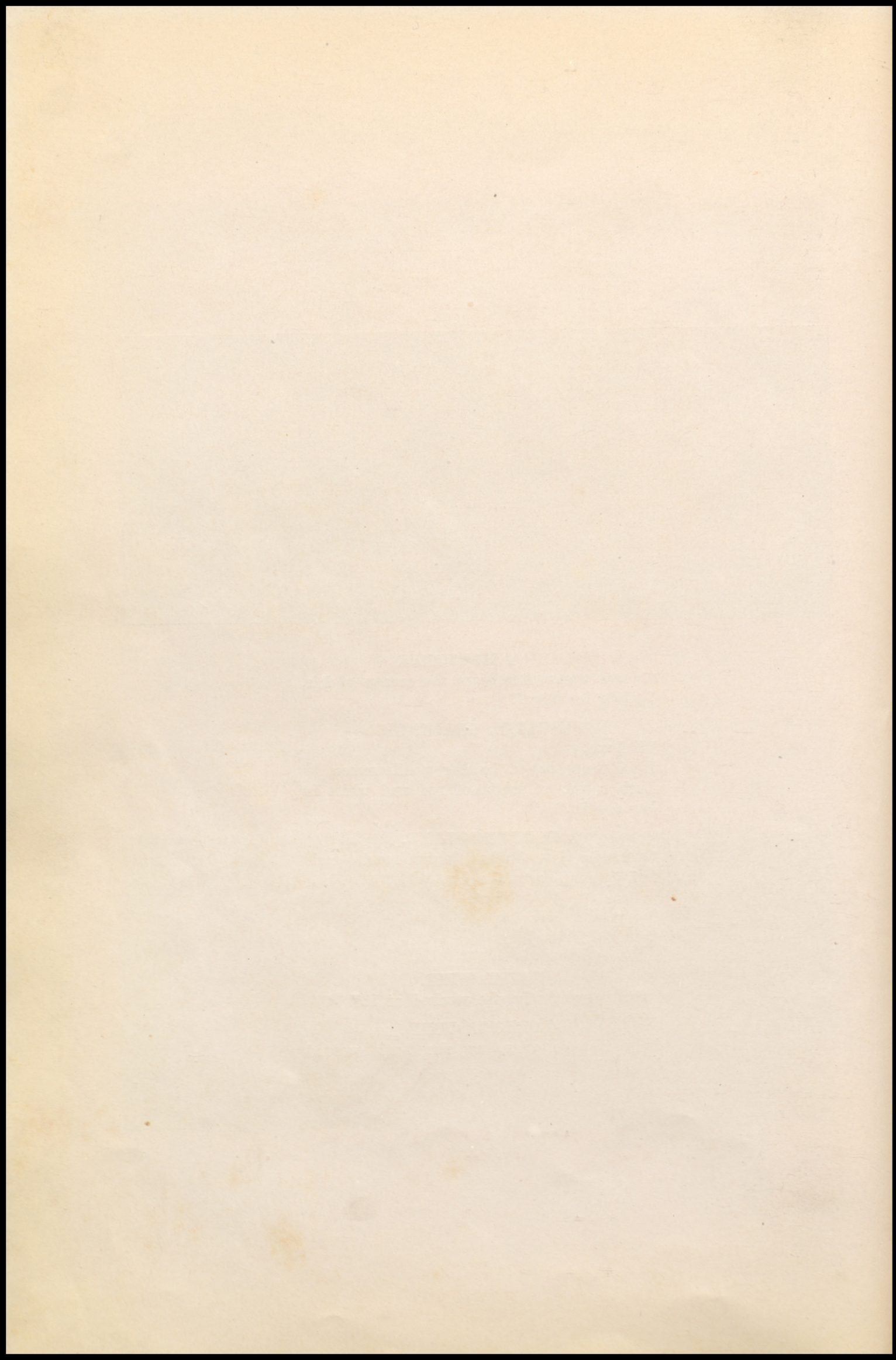
"He who lives, who thinks most,—feels
the noblest,—acts the best."

HAZEL WEIR.

"How steadfastly she worked at it."

FLORENCE WEIR

"For she is wise, as she hath proved
herself."



"J. H. S. In 1933"

Midnight—without darkness, without stars! midnight and the unwearied sun stood, yet visible in the heavens.

I was in Norway in the land of the midnight sun. I had come here to visit my grandfather. He told me many interesting stories, one particular one about a beautiful old cave, a place of worship in olden times. But, he said, "don't," but I need not tell you, for I know you will not venture in the cave."

I became interested now, and I said, "Grandfather, why must I not go to the cave?" When I asked him, he said, "Don't you know there is some kind of gas in the cave that puts people to sleep, and—and some time they don't wake up. But, I must tell you, all of those that do wake up, have told of having the most beautiful dreams."

The next morning I got up early, determined to start in search of this old place of curiosity. I didn't tell grandfather, for I knew that I wouldn't get to go.

It was about noon when I reached the place, and, oh, I did want so much to go into the cave. It was so beautiful from the outside. I was doubtful whether I should enter, but I made up my mind that I would. I went from one low room to another, until at last I became very drowsy, and sat down to sleep for a few moments, and then I would go home.

But, this is what happened, I had a dream, a great dream, that, will probably interest a few of you.

"I was traveling in a most beautiful car, where,—I did not know, so I turned to the conductor and asked, where the car was going. He replied, "I was sent here by J. H. S., to bring you to see Jeffersonville." I was almost disgusted and explained that I wished to see greater cities than "Jeff." I also knew that I had just left Jeffersonville and did not wish to see it again. But, he questioned "me about the time I left." I smiled and said, "Just three months ago, in 1913, of course." He looked surprised and said, "This is 1933, Where have you been?" I didn't say another word, but when the car stopped, I got off at the place they called "Jeff."

I started out in search of J. H. S., but to my amazement when I came to the place where the building formerly was, I saw a big marble building. It covered the entire square from Meigs Ave., to Mechanic St., and from Court

Ave., to Seventh St. I was so much disappointed, because I thought I would get to see J. H. S. again. I looked at the big door, and happened to notice the engraving over the door, these were the letters, "J. H. S."

I entered, but, surely this was not the High School. I started in search of the office, and found it, but Mr. Taylor wasn't there. I gave the principal my name. He looked at me, but just then I said, "I graduated here in 1914, Don't you remember?" He laughed and replied "But now it is 1933."

At my request, he showed me through the building. I shall try to describe only a few things. On the first floor were the assembly rooms. I was eager to see these so we entered, but, oh, goodness the children were so good, that they didn't look up from their books. I said "We used to have a loyalty club, and all the members tried to see how good they could be, but they weren't as good as the pupils are now."

The man looked at me and said, "We have no need of a loyalty club now, this is 1933 and you said you were here in 1913; that is twenty years ago."

We now went to the second, third and fourth floors, which were full of class rooms. I just entered one, and it was as large as the assembly room was in 1913, and every seat was full.

On the next floor was the library. It would—no it wouldn't rival the Medicean Library at Florence, for it was much larger than the Medicean. Next we went to the art gallery, which was on the sixth floor. The pictures were all beautiful. They were paintings from the most famous artists in the world. Just then I thought of how much disgust it would cause, to tell them of the pictures we had borrowed in 1913, because we didn't have any of our own.

On the next floor was the domestic science department. This was also very interesting. I was invited to go to the next floor, but I was so tired, that we returned to the lower floor. We went into the basement, and here found this was an ideal place for a gymnasium.

I now returned to the office and sat down to rest. When I was here, I heard some one go through the hall, and say "The Topic will be out at noon;" I was so glad, and after questioning, found out that they had had only 2000 printed, and that they couldn't let me have one, because they were short today. Then, to mention the Annuals,—no one objected to paying \$1.50 for one, because it was worth it. The principal said "You know the class of 1913 started it, and the class of 1914 continued it."

I left J. H. S., but not before I had learned more than I knew before. Then, I also learned that J. H. S. had produced some very great people.

I went along the street until I came to the City Hall, I saw seated at the Mayor's desk, Grace Carl. Oh, yes, Woman's Suffrage had come to be the thing. I was told that if it had not been for Mayor Carl and Woman's Suffrage, Jeffersonville, would now be the same little place it was in 1913." After a little talk with Mayor Carl I learned that Miss Ehringer had just been elected President of the U. S. and that J. H. S. had also produced some more great people.

This was such a shock that I awoke, with a start, gazed about me, and remembered where I was. I immediately sought my way out of the cave. When I returned to my grandfather's, I was surprised that it was still 1913. But nevertheless I told him my dream, and such will be the condition of J. H. S. in 1933.

LAILA CRUM

THE JUNIORS.

We are the merry Juniors,
A studious class we are,
Our names an honor to our school,
As we hope it will always be

From beginning we have labored,
Through Freshman and Sophomore years,
To make a name and record
That'll stand for many years

In exemption and in conduct,
We set a rapid pace,
And in working for an attendance grade
We're not so slow in the race.

As to Latin and to German,
Pooh!, they are merely play.
And the teachers say they'd like to hear
Us read, the livelong day.

In grammar and in Literature,
'Though they sometimes make us scratch,
We firmly believe that in J. H. S.
In these, we have no match.

When we're in mathematics
We don't feel very blue
For we sometimes feel as if we could
Show the teachers a thing or two.

Our History and our Science
We'll surely not forget,
For we're willing to wager t'will be some time
'Fore the mark we have set is met.

Just one thing more before we close
To you we must advise:—
To turn to our picture in this book
And see if we don't look wise.

So farewell, friends, till we meet next year,
When again as you can guess
We will improve our noble record
As the Seniors of J. H. S.

H. HARRIMAN.



4-A. CLASS.

Front Row

Roscoe Zollinger

Helen Veasey

Susie Dietz

Ruth Morris

Mary Elliott

Inez Le Clare

Victor Albanese

2nd Row

Freeman Robinson

Anna Abel

Warren Weber

Emma Bloore

Helen Hydron

Paul Sellers



3-C CLASS.

Front

Sulton Cohen
 Carroll Wells
 Nora Keigwin
 Harland Harriman
 Lucille Horner
 Hazel Davis
 Laila Crum
 Gladys Felker
 Hazel Hinton
 Clifford Mosier
 Donald Buckley

Middle

Edna Stauss
 Adel Prinz
 Lester Chapman
 Katherine Goyne
 Ruth Rose
 Eugenia Glossbrenner
 Evelyn Sweeney
 Grace Carl
 Katherine Goodwin
 Daisy Belle Kehoe
 Pearl Strother
 Frances Hauss
 Clara Smith
 Harry Schoenmetzler
 Norman Beck



3-A. CLASS.

Lower

Mary Goss
Alma Dismore
May Krajnak
Hollis Meloy
Gladys Crim

Upper

Charles Dunlevy
Harry Bowyer
Otto Whitesides
Curtis Brock
Herschel Yocom

2nd Row

Charlton Holmes

Norma Denzler

Roy Barron



2-C. CLASS.

Sitting

James Ehringer
Jack Spieth
Howard Perry
Paul Northam

Charles Dean
Edwin Zuerner
James Landwehr
Maurice Sellers

2nd Row

Burke Voit
Grace Richardson
Sue Martin
Mary Goss
Edith Schimpff
Gertrude Perry

Louis O'Neil
Frances Kamer
Iris Overholser
Edith Lewis
Nellie Kerr
Rachael Parks

Leta Egbring

Back Row

Eugene Ogden
George Dawes
Ethel Cottrill
Maurice Badger
Stanley Grosbach

Maud Brennan
Edna Meranda
Lawrence Williams
Harry Gray
Ruth Brooks

Henrietta Eich



2-A. CLASS.

Sitting

Ernest Collier
William Ingram
Elmer Mull
Herbert Bere

Duffy Hancock
Lysle Howard
Hugh Harrison
Justus Bell

2nd Row

Frances Bradley
Ruth Hopkins
Ruth Hensel
Lucille Martin

Emma Brendel
Louise Weaver
Martha Ehringer
Lucy Baird

Juretta Bamber

Back Row

Clara Stellar
Esther Covert
Ruth Cunningham

Vera Elflein
Grace Donahue
Eleanor Rose

Marie Davenport



1-C. & D. CLASS.

John Driscoll
Mildred Haus
Helen Morris
Hortense Meloy
Arthur Thro
Andrew Stoner
Leo Duitz
Nina Ebaugh
Ella Beck
Marie Diebel
Naomi Beal
Helen Hurbutt
John Dellinger
Lee Kendall
George Kilgus
Chas. Kirncy
John Clarke
Marcella Coll
Ione Bottorff
Raymond Stoner
John McCollough

Jessie Elliott
Viola Phillipp
Geneva Drosta
Isabel Litkenhaus
John Enlow
Winfield Crooker
Helen Duble
Verda Kelly
Herbert Doherty
Anne Coggsell
Cleona Grayson
Emerson Taylor
King Norsworthy
Forrest Humphrey
Chas. Durgee
Reecie McKee
Floyd Grosback
Nancy Miller
Joe Crandell
Ernest Showe
Raymond Waggoner

Conway Swartz



1-A. & B CLASS.

Harvey Hinton

Mary Whitlow

Iva Smith

Angeline Everhart

Mary Edna Egbring

Freeman Eckert

Byron Brock

Cecil Baker

Paul Warner

Rudolph Ziehm

Flora Franck

Marie Nahstoll

Bess Voit

Irene Brennan

Max Bowman

Clarence Taggart

Arthur Donahue

Ellis Krajnak

Ernest Mayer

Cornelius Beck



Our School



LITERATURE

M. SELLERS..

IF I HAD ALADDIN'S LAMP.

The question is, if I had Aladdin's Lamp what would I do, but what would worry me the most is, what wouldn't I do?

If I had the lamp people would not know what sorrow is,—everyone would be happy and things would go on with such unity that we would not need officers or policemen to keep the people from disobeying. Jeffersonville would be the city beautiful. If I had Aladdin's Lamp, everything would be run by electricity to avoid dust and smoke. The streets would be white glazed brick with sidewalks of inlaid tiling. Every house would be in perfect condition and we would not know what a cottage is. We would have houses so fine, and people would have so much money, that we would not let cheap fellows like John "D," Morgan, Vanderbilt, Perkins, etc., enter our city.

We should not have a Reformatory, for everyone would be so good and honest that twenty dollar gold pieces would be lying in the streets to beautify the city.

Our High School would be run with such high standards that the presidents of Harvard and Yale would invite us to their small schools to install such plans.

And our Athletics! We would be in a class to ourselves. In foot-ball we would let our tenth team play Yale's first for a practice game and the N. A. H. S. team would be water boys; and base-ball—why Joe Wood and Marquard would not make good mascots and "Hans" Wagner would be water-boy.

This present High School would make a small size library for the Freshman class, and our new one would be so large that it would take ten thousand men fifty

years to build it. It would have ten thousand doors with diamond door knobs, and you may imagine the rest.

I should be Mayor of Jeffersonville and its suburbs New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, etc., and I would rule with such good management that King George would become jealous.

And of course, the Mayor in a case like this could do as he pleased. The first thing I would do would be to let women vote, for there are some wise women.

After I had become accustomed to my office I would take life easy at my summer home in the suburb of New York and ride around in my one hundred passenger touring car, and it would keep my six attendants busy tipping my hat for me as I passed the girls;—that is:—IF I had Aladdin's Lamp.

If I had Aladdin's Lamp J. H. S. could use an auditorium constructed of marble and granite and this building would be for basket-ball only. This building would occupy an acre and would seat ten thousand. Every seat would have a pair of opera glasses attached so the people could see the game with ease.

I should build a church on the order of the auditorium and I would make everyone attend church once a day out of fifty sessions.

The opera house which I should build would seat five hundred thousand people. I should call to life Shakespeare to write plays for this house. I should also make Caesar, Brutus, Antony and others come to life and perform the play of Julius Caesar on my stage.

All the county and city buildings would be in keeping with my other buildings.

All the people in Europe would want to come to "JEFF.," if I would let them. They would be crazy to see "JEFF.," the city beautiful.

I would build a bridge across the Atlantic and Pacific and make the people be able to walk them in fifteen minutes.

I should raise the Titanic, and for the brave people that went down with it, I should have their deaths remembered and have a memorial day each year in honor of their bravery. On this day the "JEFF." band would play the most melancholy pieces in honor of the Titanic Band. The Titanic would be raised and put on the Steamer "City of Jeffersonville" for a life boat.

So if I had Aladdin's Lamp, to all that I have promised I would add a thousand fold.

WARREN WEBER.

A Mistaken Opinion of J.H.S.

Uncle Hank sat on a cracker barrel in the old grocery store. He had a hunk of tobacco in his mouth and his old grey hat pushed back. His overalls were worn, faded and patched, his boots held enough yellow clay to fill part of the Panama Canal.

He was started on his favorite topic and that was the unworthiness of high schools in general and Jeffersonville High School in particular.

"I tell ye," he exclaimed, "it's a waste of time and money, (emphasizing on the counter with his hand or on the floor with his huge feet), "I heerd all they do in Jeffersonville High School is to play foot-ball or some sech bloody game."

"And the girls stand out in mud knee deep with great red and white bands on their arms and yell and holler at the awful sight jest like hyenas.

"Oh I tell ye I know—my niece goes to that 'ar school and she sez "Oh, Uncle, you must not say "aint"—and don't say "have saw," its "have seen" and heard, not "heerd."

"Don't I know what I oughter say, Ain't I heerd good grammar? Aint I? Aint I knowed how to talk fore ever they got sech high falutin notions as to say "aint" ain't a good word.

"Yes and I heerd, too. the little girls' wear pumps, whatever they be and silk stockings in **snowy weather**. Why, Jeminy Christmas looks like they'd freeze. Why I wore two pair of heavy knitted socks when I went to school and then tied bone dust sacks around my feet.

"And they wear dresses with almost no sleeves 'tall and sech low necks—might be fashionable but guess they'll die soon" (this said cheerfully as though it'd be a great relief).

"Now jest for 'xample when I'z to town last spring I seed a couple slauntering along to school 'bout eight minutes to nine. Whv if they'd did sech a thing when I went to school they'd been tanned prit ni to death.

"Then, too, my niece sez at Jeff High School (only she sez say Jeffersonville, Uncle) they read Shakespeare and talk about trajv-days and commy-days like they knowed what they'z talking about. jest as though anyone could know what Shakespeare ment.

"Why we bought Shakespeare's Mac's Beth from an

agent comed around—sold 'em cheap you know and my Lizy never could 'zist a bargain and she bought it (out of her egg money ye know). Well to tell ye the truth I read some in it and I tell ye that man was crazy, didn't even know what he meant himself.

"Then, too, my niece writ that they'z going to hev an art exhibit—lot of old pictures, not real pictures, jest copied from them—you have to pay jest to go in and look at them. Why that's simply robbery. 'Spose I charge a nickel to let some-one come in and see the motto of "What's a Home Without Mother" that my maw painted—Wouldn't I get it. Nit."

Just about this time Lizy hollered out Hank you git out and hoe these 'taters. Think you can live if you sit in there gassin all day.

And Uncle Hank upset a chair in his haste as he hurried out crying "Yes, Yes Lizy I'm comin.

Poor misguided Uncle Hank! Wouldn't it be joyous if the girls would only walk to the games in perfectly dry weather.

And as far getting off easy when you're tardy—oh it's worse than "tanning."

Oh if Uncle Hank could only attend J. H. S. a while he'd be willing to swear that it's the grandest place on earth.

—by Alma Dismore.

When Class '15 Graduates

As the coming commencement time draws nearer and the Seniors, in all their glory, are hurrying about with books and are carrying papers and pictures of class-mates, I wonder how we will do and what will happen when our class is about to leave our dear old J. H. S.

Will the kind-hearted faculty and the poor underclassmen miss us or will they look about relieved and say with a sigh! "My we're glad they're gone." Will they miss Herschel's talking and his arguments against woman suffrage? And I wonder if Miss Smith will find another minister's son who does not know the story of "Joseph and his brethren" and of "Elijah and the chariot of fire." What will Daro do if she doesn't have the opportunity of discussing pronunciations and questions, such as "whether love at first sight is best," with Miss Craig. I'd like to know if the cap and gown question will be discussed—my! wouldn't some of us look funny. Fancy Charles Dunlevy walking with Alma Dismore—but how absurd of me to think of that when every one knows that place should be saved for Eugene. And Hollis would look more like a sage than ever and all would be awed by her presence.

Will Delwin fall down the stairs again and carry a bandaged arm as her commencement bouquet? If so Mary walking demurely at her side, will console her and tell her it doesn't look bad. Behind them we will see Josephine, still wearing the frown which signifies that she studies so much. There too we will see Katherine Meyer, who still denies that she cares for the noted director of the Boys' Orchestra, Rutledge Crooker.

Gladys Crim, who will terrify her future pupils with those equations and geometrical figures which she makes, will sit on the stage thinking of her college course. Frances and Sue will be sitting as close to each other as possible and very likely a kiss will be stolen, even in public, as once there was in the Assembly Room.

Will Harry Gray's eyes be cast upon a certain girl whose picture he wanted to buy for a nickel a short time ago? And will Charlton be celebrating his victory over Caesar by carrying the beloved volume around with him?

Will Gertrude and Rachael ever forget their great basket ball games and want to challenge the Freshmen to others later on?

But more important—who will be the speakers? Do you suppose Otto, who talks so earnestly, will be chosen, or perhaps Harry Bowyer—who knows? Strange things to happen. Will our Annual be illustrated by Monk Sellers or will it have some of Paul Northam's mechanical drawings as decorations.

After the commencement exercises, will Jack take us all up to his father's confectionery? And will Leta Egbring be afraid to go home, even if she does have company, as she was after the Valentine party?

Do you suppose Norma will be as happy as a certain teacher always tells her she is? And will Edna Meranda be able to sit next to her without smiling at her silly remarks?

I'd like to know what our colors and flowers will be—and our class song and yell. The will and prophesy will be interesting, I imagine, because there are so many good jokes to tell on some and so many prophecies to be made. But why should I be wondering so about these things? They'll come soon enough—too soon I'm afraid for we will all regret leaving our dear old J. H. S.

NORMA E. DENZLER.

Editorials



W. McCurdy

Running a paper is like poking a fire; everybody thinks he can do it better than the man who has the poker.

To the Topic Staffs that are to be: We, the staff of nineteen thirteen, give our hearty congratulations (and sympathy). We have done our best, in the short time we have had, to make our Annual worthy of the Jeffersonville High School. As the school grows, the paper, we hope, will grow, too. Here's to the future Topics. May they all live long and broad.

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears the following:

1. "I will study the language of gentleness and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.
2. "I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.
3. "I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without loading mine on them.
4. "I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.
5. "I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service.
6. "I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a good-will face unchilled by aloofness.
7. "I will gloat over gains never, but amass only, to enrich others and so gain a wealthy heart.
8. "I will love boys and girls, so that old age will not find me stiff and soured.
9. "I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every occasion and by outlook optimistically.
10. "I will pray frequently, think good things, believe men and do a full days' work without fear or favor."

CYCLOPEDIA OF OUR CLASS.

Applegate, Marie—More commonly known as "Apples." A product of the fruitage of Clark County. A favorite with everyone.

Bussey, Permelia—Native of Jeffersonville. Unknown to history until 1909, when she became renowned on account of her ever ready answers.

Baxter, Ramona—Bashful and modest in her childhood days but developing into a very popular and attractive High School girl.

Covert, Homer—Life one of obstruction until about the age of fifteen his character unraveled into a noble spirit inspiring all about him.

Chappell, Francis—Quiet and retiring but one who, when he chooses to speak, astonishes all with his wisdom.

Cain, Douglas—Born in Jeffersonville; life a blank until he reached the High School age when he developed into a bright and shining light, dimming all else by his resplendent glory.

Clark, Myrtle—Formerly without will-power or determination but now never undertakes anything but she succeeds in the end, and inspiring her whole class to look to a higher ideal.

Dugan, Graham—His principal talent not discovered until he entered High School where he came to the front as an orator, making for himself a name rivaling that of Webster or Clay.

Elliott, Charlotte—All work and no play before she entered J. H. S., where she learned to combine both and is now a marvel to the Basket Ball World.

Elliott, Freda—One who has original ideas about every thing. If you want to know the latest style just watch Freda.

Frank, Graham—Timid and shrinking until about sixteen, when he developed into quite a lady's man, and he hasn't done anything since.

Graninger, Margaret—A field daisy which has developed under careful watching into a cultivated flower.

Hensel, Helen—Not one of the many, but one of the few who are natural-born leaders and like a star shining in the distance lead us on to success.

Howes, Mitchell—One more constant and unalterable in his devotion it would be hard to find.

LaMaster, Clarence—From a shy and bashful country lad, Clarence has developed into a favorite among the girls as well as the boys.

Laurie, Susie—Little flowers are often times the most fragrant and so it is in this case. Has a very amiable and cheerful disposition.

Leach, Edith—Life of no importance until 1909 when her character matured into one of a strong determination, letting every one know that she is one of the class at class-meetings.

Miller, Robert—Like the sun before an April shower he came among us and it was as dark when he left as when the sun passes under a cloud, but like the beautiful rainbow he cheered while among us.

Morrison, Gray—Serious and somber until he reached the High School age when he became so droll that he justly earned the title of school jester.

Poindexter, Margaret—A pearl, put in the proper setting at about sixteen and is now priceless.

Peel, Frank—The infant prodigy of the class. If you would be wise be silent and listen to him.

Rose, Mary—One of the products of Clark County soil and one to do credit to any soil. Strong and hardy and will bear transplanting; is warranted to thrive in any climate.

Sparks, Janiebelle—Modest and fair as a lily and like the lily gladdens many hearts by her presence.

Same, M.—Always the same in work or play giving her best. Always the same in friendship and love—true to her name.

Swartz, Anna—Appearances are often deceiving and so it was in this case. Instead of an undeveloped bud we found we had a beautiful flower with us.

Smith, Charles—Quiet and meek, not talkative, until he made the acquaintance of Webster, and he hasn't stopped talking since.

Weir, Florence—Not an intruder or suppliant for friendship but one who is always ready to help a sinking friend.

Weir, Hazel—Entering high school as a modest, quiet girl without attracting special attention but leaving it as one of the most highly regarded and esteemed members of her class.

Yester, Beulah—One who knows how to make new friendship, but better still, how also to keep the old ones.

WITH YOU IN SPIRIT

Some time has passed since I met with the misfortune which has deprived me of the activities of life from that day to this. In some respects it has been the longest month I ever experienced. However as I look back in review of the events of this long month, that which stands out most prominently, is the loyalty of my classmates, the dear teachers, and all my friends in school.

The many kind manifestations of love and tender sympathy which have been bestowed upon me, have been the source of that grit and courage which has sustained me. I desire to live, to take each of you by the hand, look you full in the face and thank you personally for all the goodness and kindness you have shown me. And what a privilege it will be for me to be able to co-operate with you in the future should misfortune befall any of you. I must wait with patience, hope and trust for the coming of that day when I can again be with you, and how glorious it will be when it comes.

—ROBERT MILLER.

THE HISTORY EXHIBIT.

The History Exhibit was held in the spacious attic of the High School. There were gathered seven still life tableaux representing the history of the world from pre-historic times until the pioneer days of America.

The first tableaux would have delighted the eyes of a connoisseur of ancient things. Flint collections from the Paleolithic and Neolithic ages, pottery of both historic and pre-historic times, fire-making machines, mummies in their cases, and dolls, dressed as ancient women, were all there. These were very clearly explained by the obelisks and the exact copies of tablets found in the ancient libraries of Babylonia.

Since the Romans were a nation of warriors, that exhibit, as might be expected, included battering rams, battle axes, various other weapons and standards bearing the mortal eagle. Wax tablets informed us that "*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*" while samples of Roman needle work assured us that J. H. S. girls would have made excellent Roman house-wives.

The spirit of mediaeval times was shown in two scenes selected from Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The first of these introduced us to the mead hall of the Saxon Cedric. On a dais at one end of the hall Cedric and his guests, Prior Aymer, the Templar and the two squires were seated. This table was so arranged as to form a T with the table of the serfs which was placed lengthwise in the lower part of the hall Rowena and her maids just entering and in the quaint rich costume of mediaeval days made a picture not soon forgotten. Excluded from all this good cheer, Issac the Jew stood with the Palmer before the open fire.

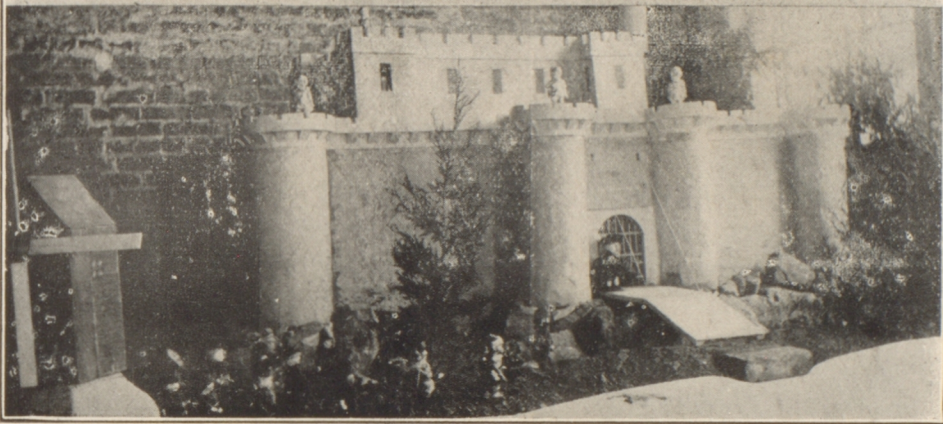
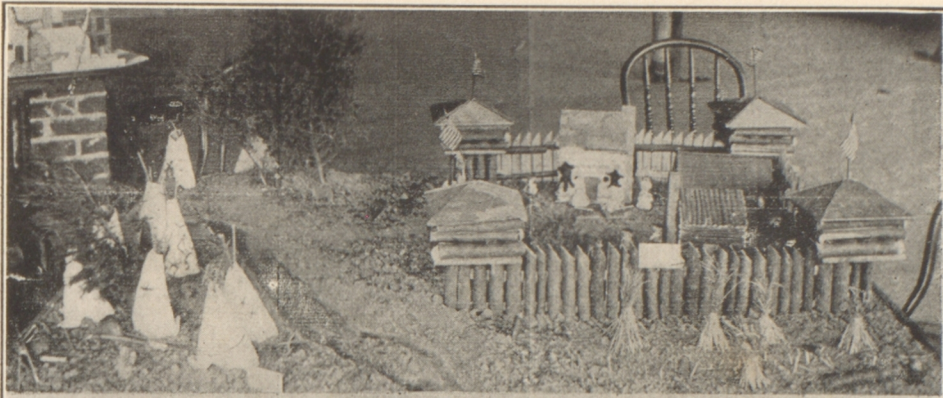
The second scene showed us the castle of Front de Boeuf with its drawbridge and moat. It was at this time besieged by Robin Hood and his followers, who had taken their stand in the surrounding woods, where their green hunting costumes were less conspicuous.

We could well understand the cause of the French Revolution when we saw the gorgeous court scene, typical of the reign of Louis XIV. which was portrayed in the modern history tableau. Here at least the American modistes rivaled the natives. Near this a typical Dutch landscape called to mind the bravery of William the Silent, Prince of Orange.

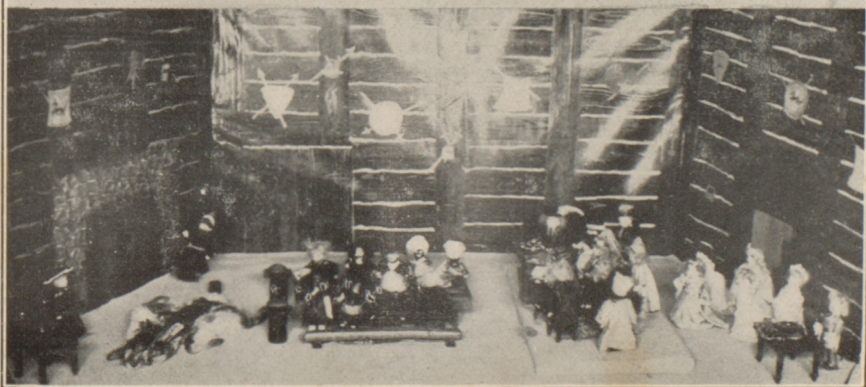
Quite a contrast to the brilliant scene of the French Court was the picture of pioneer days which the American

History exhibit represented. Here was a stockade including block-houses, a church, several dwellings and store houses. Within this protection the settlers worked while their horses and cattle roamed about at leisure. A corn field near the stockade furnished supplies for the white men. Beside the stockade ran a creek and on the opposite bank the Indians had pitched their wigwams and lighted their camp fire of which nothing remained but the ashes over which the kettle still swung from the tripod.

Like the Indian camp fire all these old civilizations have died away and only the ashes remain but still a reminder is left behind,—that is the History Exhibit.



4 A AND 3 A HISTORY



3 C AND 2 C HISTORY



BOYS' DEBATING SOCIETY

Lower Row

Clarence LaMaster

Clifford Mosier

Harland Harriman

Jack Spieth

Freeman Robinson

Middle Row

William Ingram

Charles Smith

Joel Hunt

Sultan Cohen

Top Row

Douglas Cain

Duffy Hancock

Raymond Stoner

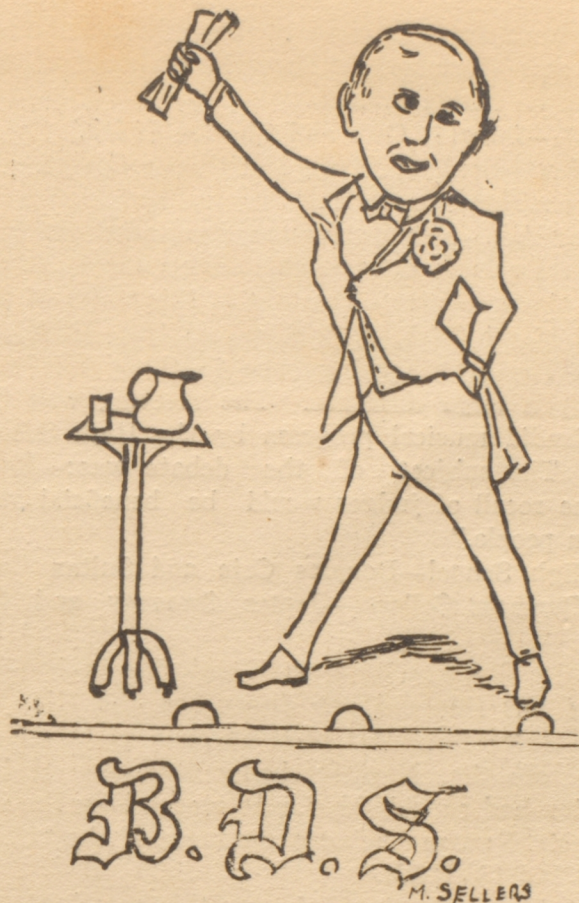
Harry Bowyer

Homer Covert

Paul Sellers

Graham Frank

Warren Weber



BOY'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

One of the greatest successes of the school year of nineteen and thirteen, was the "BOYS' DEBATING SOCIETY."

The senior boys conceived the idea of organizing a Boys' Debating society. A meeting was held for this purpose on Feb. 6th, 1913, and it was decided to organize the proposed society; a constitution was adopted; a code of By-Laws drawn up, and the necessary officers elected.

The officers elected were:—

PRESIDENT	Charles Smith
CHAIRMAN	Clarence LaMaster
CLERK	Homer Covert
TREASURER	Douglas Cain
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS ..	Graham Frank

The first debate was held Feb. 19th, 1913, and was

attended by a large number of High School boys. The question was—Resolved, "That there should be further restriction on immigration."

Aff.—Douglas Cain and Charles Smith.

Neg.—Graham Frank and Homer Covert.

The decision was a tie.

March 5th, a challenge was received from the Jeffersonville Business College, challenging the B. D. S. to a series of three debates. The first of this series of debates was held March 27th, 8:00 p. m., at the High School Building. The debate being open to the public, was attended by a large audience. The meeting was favored by a splendid musical program by the High School Orchestra. The subject of the debate was:—Resolved, "That the recall of judges would be beneficial to the American people."

Aff. High School—Douglas Cain and Sultan Cohen.

Neg. Business College,—James Sweeney and Charles Leach.

The decision was, by a small majority, in favor of the Negative, but this did not discourage the High School boys, as they were confronted by such great odds, both debaters of the Negative being graduates of J. H. S. and having had considerable experience along the oratorical line, Mr. Sweeney being a graduate of the "UNIVERSITY of LOUISVILLE."

Prof. Harriman presided over this meeting.

The second of the series of debates vs. Jeffersonville Business College was held Tuesday evening, April 30, at the Business College.

The subject of debate was—Resolved- "That suffrage should be extended to women."

AFF. - - - - JEFFERSONVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Helen Bere and Annette Denzler

NEG. - - - - Jeffersonville High School.

Charles Smith and Freeman Robinson.

The subject was thoroughly discussed, good arguments being presented by both sides.

The decision rendered was again by a small majority in favor of Jeffersonville Business College.

After the debate the audience was entertained by some very interesting demonstrations of typewriting and shorthand by the Business College students.

The B. D. S. ended the year by having a very enjoyable social at the Presidents rooms on West Market St., May 14th. Light refreshments were served and everyone had an exceedingly good time.

CLERK.



ATHLETICS GOOD FOR HIGH SCHOOLS.

Athletics is one of the greatest aids to the High Schools.

First, for the simple reason that it gives and helps to develop strong sturdy boys and it is very restful after a strenuous day's work in school. Many people knock on it and base their claim on the fact that some no account, shiftless boys get athletics on the brain and sit and dream, and, therefore, do not get their lessons and are likewise dummies. Now there's only one way that athletics is a burden or hindrance to a school and that is when boys let it get away with them.

Now everyone knows that any kind of athletics is more or less dangerous and this should always be guarded against by wearing the right kind of clothing and watching where one is going, or, as the boys put it, "keep your eyes open!" Some boys come out to participate in a game in every day clothes and are more or less hurt or bruised and then give the game a bad name. And we find some boys who never watch where or what they do, and all this in consequence, goes against athletics as a help for the school.

All the different branches of athletics now are the most helpful, if not the best, that American schools have ever had. And I see no reason why they are not helpful, as the pupils have to attain a certain average in their studies to play. And this makes them work for much higher things. Many boys come to school just to be in the athletic contests and the present rule either does away with these boys or it makes them work.

Now athletics also helps the school spirit and this is one of the most important factors in the running of a High School. For if you have everything but school

spirit in the school it will not be carried on in the right way, as the pupils will lose interest. You may go to any of the High Schools which have good athletic teams and lots of school spirit and you will find that the attendance and behavior are of a high class order, and it will be just the opposite where the teams are poor.

To get the young, and also the old people of the present day, one must have some attraction and the greatest attraction in the schools is athletics, as it takes in the girls as well as the boys. And so I think that athletics is one of the High School's greatest assets.

—by R. CROOKER.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The basket ball season of 1913 ended with more victories and more honors for the girls' team than was ever known before in the history of the school.

The team now claims interscholastic championship of the three Fall Cities having defeated in both games played New Albany Y. M. C. A. girls' and Tharp University School Girls'. A game was won also from Third Presbyterian by a score of 26-2 and Friendly Five 44-4. In the last two games of the season against the strong Independent team from L. G. H. S., the Jeff. girls were victorious in first game against this team by a score of 7-2. The last game ended in a tie. After playing 55 minutes and neither side being able to score the game ended, the score remaining 6-6.



FOOT BALL TEAM

Front Row

Lester Chapman

Charlton Holmes

Clarence LaMaster

William Ingram

Lawrence Williams

2nd Row

Donald Buckley

Sultan Cohen

Wilbur Stringe

Charles Smith

Clifford Mosier

Edgar Hughes

Homer Keigwin

Top Row

Frank Lindley (Coach)

Louis O'Neil

Heil Van Campen

Robert Miller

Graham Dugan



BASKET BALL TEAM

Lower Row

Frank Peel '13

Freeman Robinson '14

Harland Harriman '14

Upper Row

Warren Weber '14

Robert Miller '13

Lester Chapman '14

Mitchell Howes '13



BASE BALL BOYS

Front Row

Warren Weber

George Dugan

Paul Warner

Hugh Harrison

Roscoe Zollinger

Charles Dean

Edgar Hughes

Back Row

Donald Buckley

Forest Humphreys

Freeman Robinson

Curtis Brock

Lester Chapman

Herschel Yocom

John Driscoll

Harry Bowyer

2nd Row

Edwin Zuerner

Herbert Bere

Burke Voit

3rd Row

Jack Spieth

Rutledge Crooker

James Ehringer

Stanley Grosbach

William Ingram

Charles Dunlevy



BASKET BALL—1ST TEAM

Lower Row

Susie Laurie

Charlotte Elliott

Marjorie Chandler

Upper Row

Freda Elliott

Viola Phillips

Helen Hensel

May Seitz

2nd Team

Marguerite Stauss

Ramona Baxter

Daisy Belle Kehoe

Grace Crum

Susie Laurie

Clarence LaMaster

- - - - - Coach.





Locals.

A SOMEWHAT SIBILANT STORY

Sir Samuel Sims saw sweet Sara Sampson swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned. Striding seawards, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel swiftly swam Sara-wards. Sir Samuel skillfully supported swooning Sara; swimming shorewards, Sir Samuel successfully succored Sara. Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits—special Scotch. Sara saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit; Sir Samuel saw Sara's sweetness. Sir Samuel soon sought Sara. Striding slowly, Sara sighed softly. Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sara.

"Say Sam, Sara," said Sir Samuel.

"Sara, smiling shyly, softly said "Sam."

"Sara—Sally!" stammered Sir Samuel.

"Sweet Sara—sweetheart!"

Sara solemnly surrendered.

Judge—What's the charge officer?

Officer—Attempted suicide, yer honor.

Judge—State the particulars.

Officer—Well, he wanted to fight me, yer honor.

Robert, said a teacher in one of the public schools to her brightest pupil, give me an example of the use of the word damper in a sentence.

Robert thought a moment, then delivered himself of the following: Teacher is damper-ticular about our English.

Where Is Your Bread Baked?

Be a discriminating buyer. Do not say "give me a loaf of bread"—but specify—

Mother's Bread

Made in the largest and most sanitary bakery in the Country. Visitors always welcome.

Whiteside Bakery Co.

IF YOU WANT YOUR PICTURE OR DIPLOMA FRAMED
CALL ON

J. I. GIBBS
THE PICTURE MAN

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

No. 324 SPRING ST.

SUCCESSOR TO ED. G. DAVIS

GRADUATES—

—See our line of—Nobby foot-wear, embodying style,
fit and durability, before buying commencement foot-wear

Ogden Shoe Co.

307 SPRING ST.

PHONE 96.

Miss Craig—"Clifford you shouldn't laugh out loud in the class-room."

Clifford Moser—"I didn't mean to do it, I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

"My father and I know every thing in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter. "Where's Asia!"

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly, "That is one of the questions my father knows."

First Office Boy—"I told the governor to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half day off."

Second Office Boy—"What did he say?"

First Office Boy—"He said I needed a bar of soap."
—(Ex.)

Father—"That cat was making an awful noise in the back yard last night."

"Arnold—"Yes father; I think that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

"Muz, did you hear the step ladder when it tumbled over?"

"No, darling. I hope papa didn't fall."

"Not yet—he's still hanging on to the picture molding."

A woman put her tongue to a flat iron to see if it was hot. That household has been remarkably quiet since.

Jih Stewart mistook the headlight of an engine for a firebug.

He subsequently joined the temperance society.

Grims & Groans.

Ladies skip this paragraph. It is really unfit for publication.

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know; But you bet
she'll find it out anyhow, If she gets the least kind of a
show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing, This poem
she's already read
We knew she'd get to it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

TAILORING

HATS

Chas. H. Moser

SHIRTS

UNDERWEAR

Now is the time to start to save—

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT.

**CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
CITIZENS TRUST COMPANY**

Cor. Court Ave. & Spring.

OPEN SATURDAY NIGHT.

WATCHES

A Guaranteed 17 Jewel Movement for \$8.00.

Expert Diamond Setting & Watch Repairing

**Vincent Martin
JEWELER**

321 Illinois Ave.

COMPLIMENTS OF

E. M. Coof's Sons

Two Irishmen had been fighting the mosquitoes in a New York tenement house. About two o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half dose a lightning bug came flying into the room.

"Jammie, Jammie, It's no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of the creatures searchin for us wid a lantern."

"Buy a trunk Pat," said dealer.

And what for should I buy a trunk? Rejoined Pat. To put your clothes in" was the reply.

"And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it."

"George," Said Auntie, "if you don't stop over-loading your stomach with that candy and custard pie, you'll soon be complaining of a headache."

"No, aunty!" replied George earnestly. "I know I won't have a headache. I just know I ain't going to have no headache, sure!"

Two hours later aunty inquired of George stretched limply on a couch: "Have you a headache?"

"No I ain't got a headache," replied the young stoic, "but I got an awful funny feeling right under my hair."

Douglas Cain—I would like to dry that fellow up.

Charlton Holmes—Well there is only one way to do it and that is to soak him.

City Boy—Do you keep bees?

Country Boy—No; there is too many ways to get stung up to date now.

Judge: Why did you steal the gentleman's purse?

Prisoner: I thought the change would do me good.

Tell me not in mournful numbers

That the cook demands a raise;

That last Five still haunts my slumbers—

Things have changed since my young days!

Trust no housemaid, however pleasant

Though she bake a pie sublime,

Though she had her Christmas present,

She will leave before her time.

Let us then be up and doing

Learn ourselves, to cook and wait

I am tired of pursuing

Hilda, Bridget, Jane and Kate.

CLEAN—

PURE—

USE

Hoosier Dandy BREAD

Made By The
JEFFERSONVILLE BAKING COMPANY
MOST UP-TO-DATE

—and—

SANITARY BAKERY
IN SOUTHERN INDIANA

VALUABLE PREMIUMS

FOR LABELS

JEFFERSONVILLE BAKING CO.

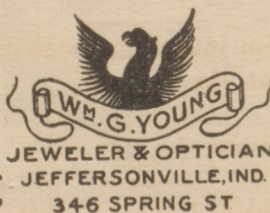
PHONE 17—

E. 7th St.

Fine

Watch

Repairing



Victor

Talking

Machines

TO MAKE GOOD CAKES AND PIES
FOR PICNICS

Use

Crescent Baking Powder

Made By

A. HOLMES

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.

SOME ACCIDENT.

A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.

(He found it)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.

(It was)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper
(It was not)

Miss Smith—In early England there was an Overlor and the Vassal. Who can tell me what the Vassal's wife was called?

Miss Strother—Vaseline.

His Trouble

"I can't sleep."

"I'll fix you some insomnia medicine."

"How often must she take it?"

"She? Who?"

"My wife, of course."

History Teacher—"Indians, you know are very stoical.

They're never known to laugh."

Herschel Yocom—"Oh, I don't know, the poet, Longfellow made Minne-ha-ha."

English Teacher—"Who can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"

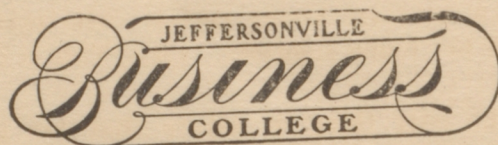
Bright Freshie—"I can! The man stopped shaving and grewsome whiskers!"

Teacher—"What is velocity, Johnnie?"

Johnnie Clark—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

A Satisfied Student Is The Best Advertisement

While other schools spend a great deal of time blowing what they can do, we are working with might and main, for the interest of our students. Numbers of parties, who are in a position to know, say that our graduates are far better in their work and when they know they can get a



graduate, confidence is assured. There's a reason for this. Individual instruction, The best systems of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, English, and Penmanship are taught. A fine equipment and instructors who know what a GOOD SCHOOL is
Call, write, or phone 796-F. A. N. SYMMES, Proprietor.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE.

College of Arts and Sciences

Will reopen Monday, September 22, 1913.

Coeducational.

COURSES OFFERED IN SIXTEEN DEPARTMENTS.

Practical new courses in Dynamo-Electricity, Surveying, Mechanical Drawing and Chemistry of Soils, besides the courses ordinarily offered in a college of its class.

Graduates will be received into the graduate departments of Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton and other colleges on the same terms as graduates of other universities of high rank. For catalogue of information address the Registrar, 119 W. Broadway, Louisville Ky.

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Complete line of Wright & Ditson, Bancroft, and H. C. Lee Rackets, Ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$8.00. Also the Doherty English Racket at \$7.50. Tennis Balls—25.35-45c.

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COURT MARKERS and NETS
RACKETS RESTRUNG

THE SUTCLIFFE CO.

(INCORPORATED)

220-S.-FOURTH AV.

Louisville.

KNOCKS

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE—One, who having taken her bachelor's degree, is ready to take her bachelor.

POETRY—The language of love.

PROSE—The language of housekeeping.

COURTSHIP—A craft that is steered by one of two helmsmen—Cupid or Cupidity.

CUPID'S TRIUMPH—Hearts in the first deal, diamonds in the second, and clubs ever after.

CURIOSITY—The deadly sin that caused Mrs. Lot to turn to salt, and a lot of Misses since to turn to rubber.

HELEN—A perverse young person who raised all the mischief of her name suggests. (My! This is certainly true).

ECHO—The only thing in nature that can get the better of a woman. It always has the last word.

HYSTERICIS—The last refuge.

....**MISS**—A hit if rich, young, and pretty; amiss if otherwise.

CUPID'S GUIDE—C. L. Holmes & Co.

Latin Student—How do you decline pedes? (pay days)

Teacher—That is something that is never declined.

The City of Happiness is in the State of Mind.

"Daisy" said her teacher, rebukingly, "How many times have I told you, you must sit still when you are in my class."

"I cant,, teacher," protested Daisy, "I'm a figetarian,"
—Ex.

Latin Teacher: "What does 'per' mean?"

Dull pupil: "It is what a cat does."

Mrs. Neighbor—"They say your son Henry is in the foot-ball eleven."

Mrs. Jones—"Yes indeed"

Mrs. Neighbor—"Can you tell me what position he plays?"

Mrs. Jones—"I'm not sure but I think he is one of the-draw-backs."

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GRAMMAR.

There was a young lady from Kent
Whose grammar was terribly bent
She said to her flame
I'm so glad you have came
But I'll miss you so much when you've went
We know her quite well, and a blunder
Of hers often rends us assunder;
She said this is true
I seen what to do
And I done it—now aint she a wonder
She spends lots of time with a book
Historical, trashy or cook
And she says: I enjoy
Readin' books, my dear boy,
Cause they learn me so much. Get the hook.
He coaxed her one morning to fly,
They fell from half-way to the sky;
She replied with much pain:
It almost killed he and I.
She sat with her head on his vest,
And dreamily looked toward the West;
Tears she said between sighs
When the sun sats, I feel so depressed.

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure
him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing
her own spring plowing.

Why don't you go home? Asked a policeman of a
drunken Irishman on Washington square.

Ah, now be aisy; I live in the square; Isn't it going
round and round and when I see my own door come up,
won't I pop into it in a jiffy"?

SOMETHING ALL SENIORS SHOULD KNOW.

Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take the final test
If I should die before I wake
Thank goodness there'll be no exams to take.



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